

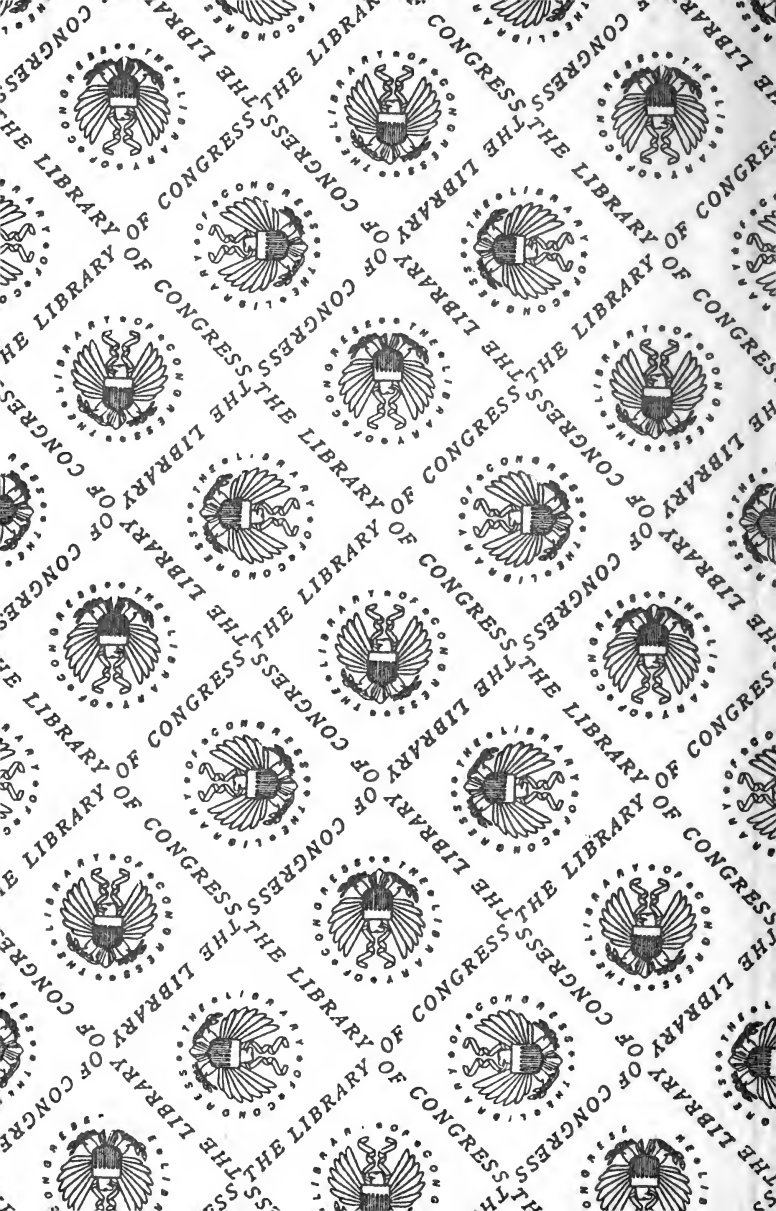
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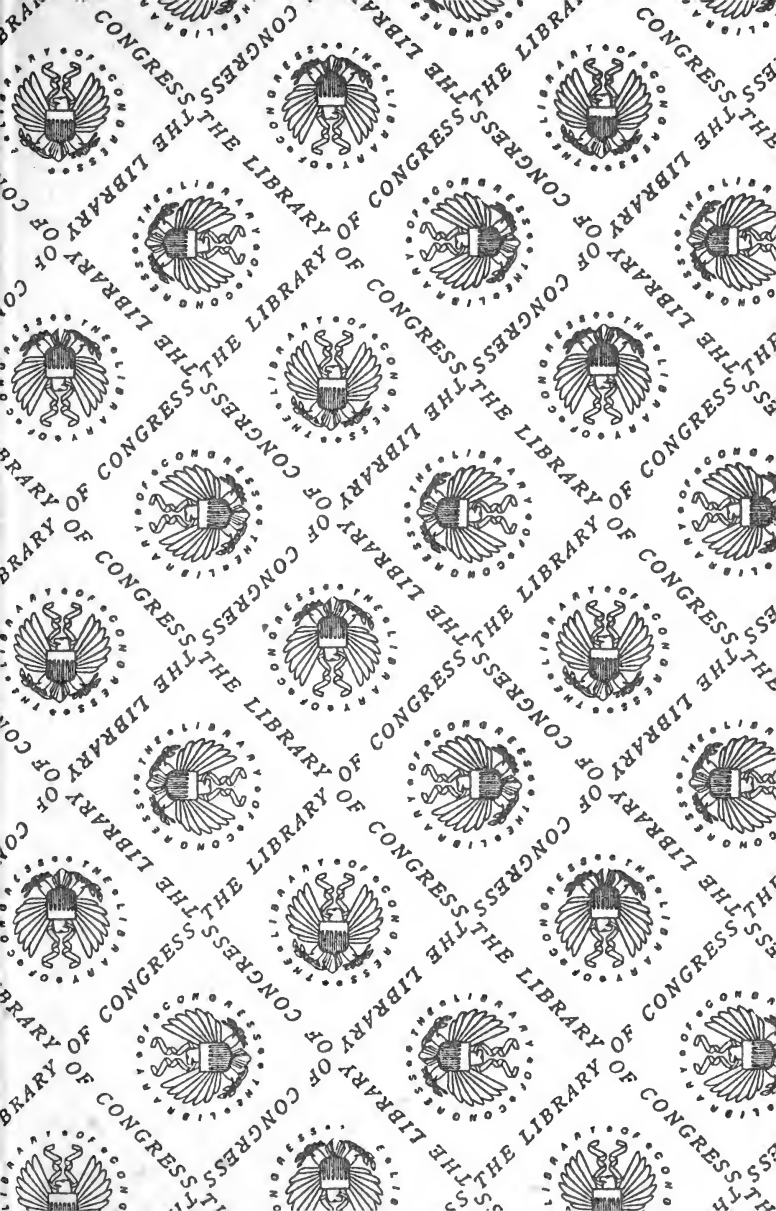
1913

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AUTUMN



BY

ARTHUR WRIGHT

OF THE NEW YORK BAR



PRIVATELY PRINTED

NEW YORK

1913

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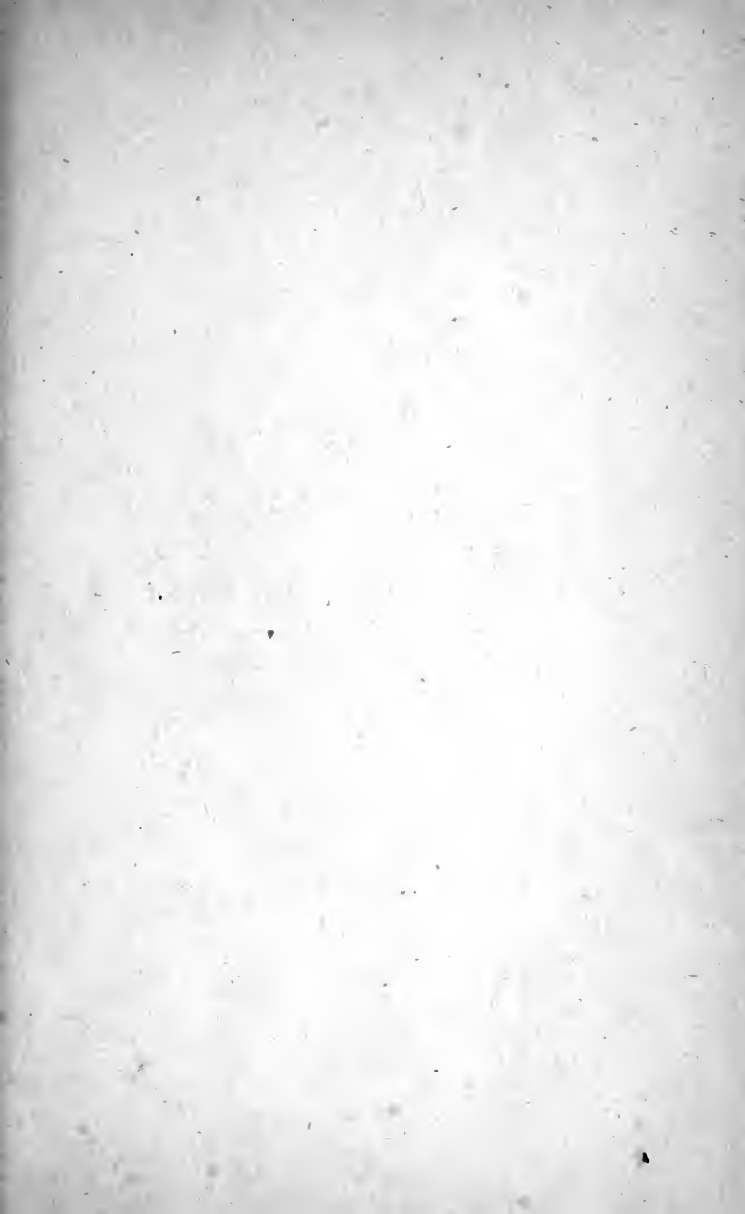
1913





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BY ARTHUR WRIGHT

TO MY MOTHER
MARY A. WRIGHT





PREFATORY

Bring thou, O little gift, to him

A lighter load to bear.

Bring thou forth in cheerful rythm

A vision near and fair.

A. W.

New York

December, 1912

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

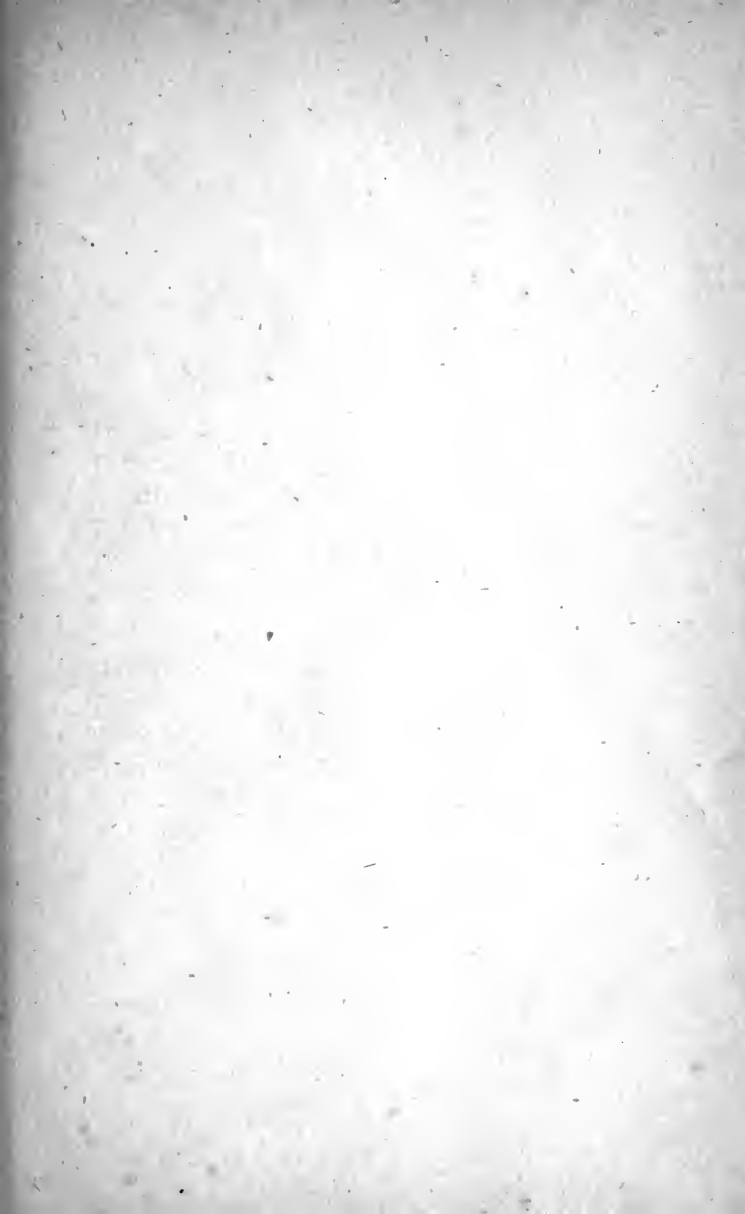




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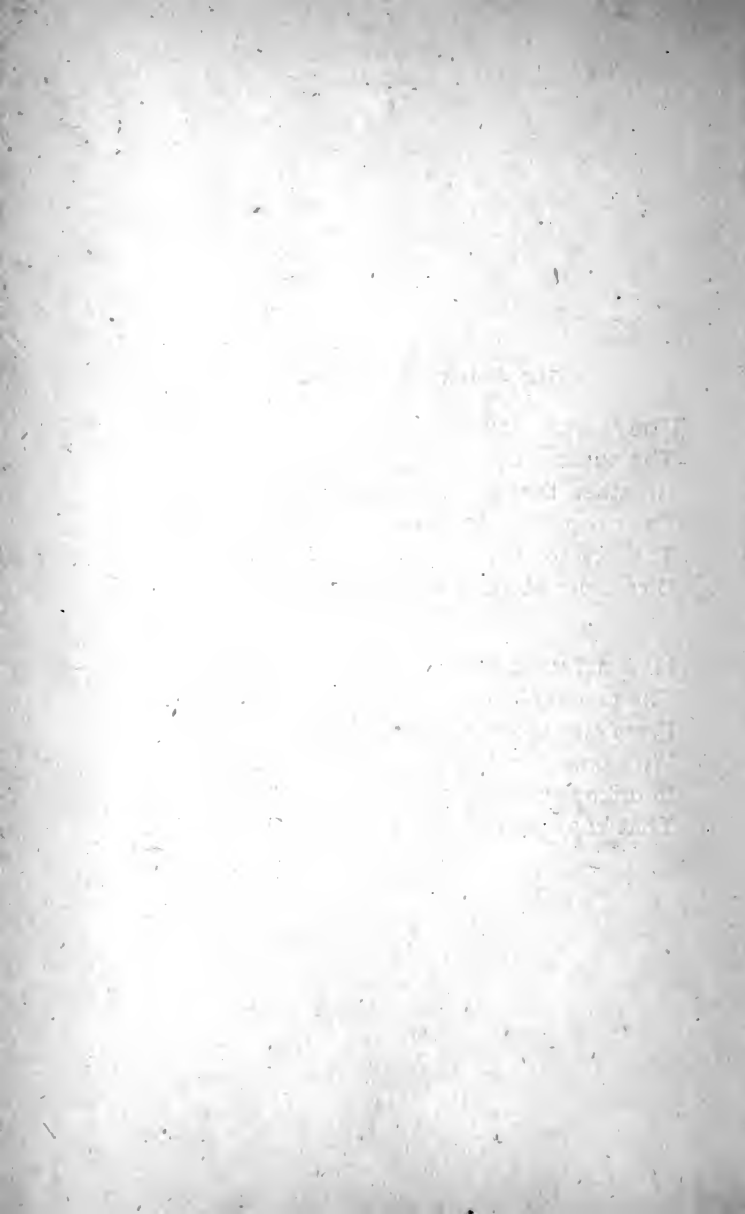


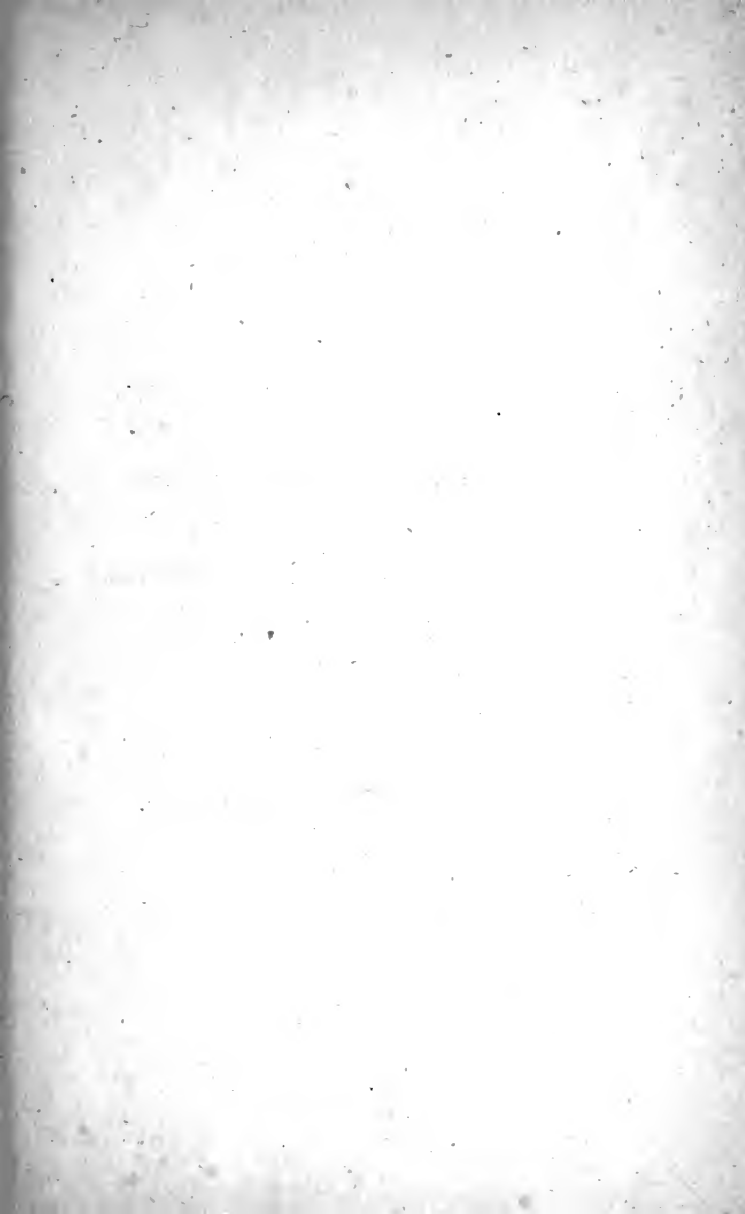


The Spirit of Autumn

The fall, the fall,
The autumn thrall,
Breathes through our senses once again.
The crisp, fine air
The sky so fair,
Direct our steps to wood and lane.

How different wide,
The country-side,
From city crowded everywhere
With unknown souls,
In unknown roles,
That know us not, nor even care.



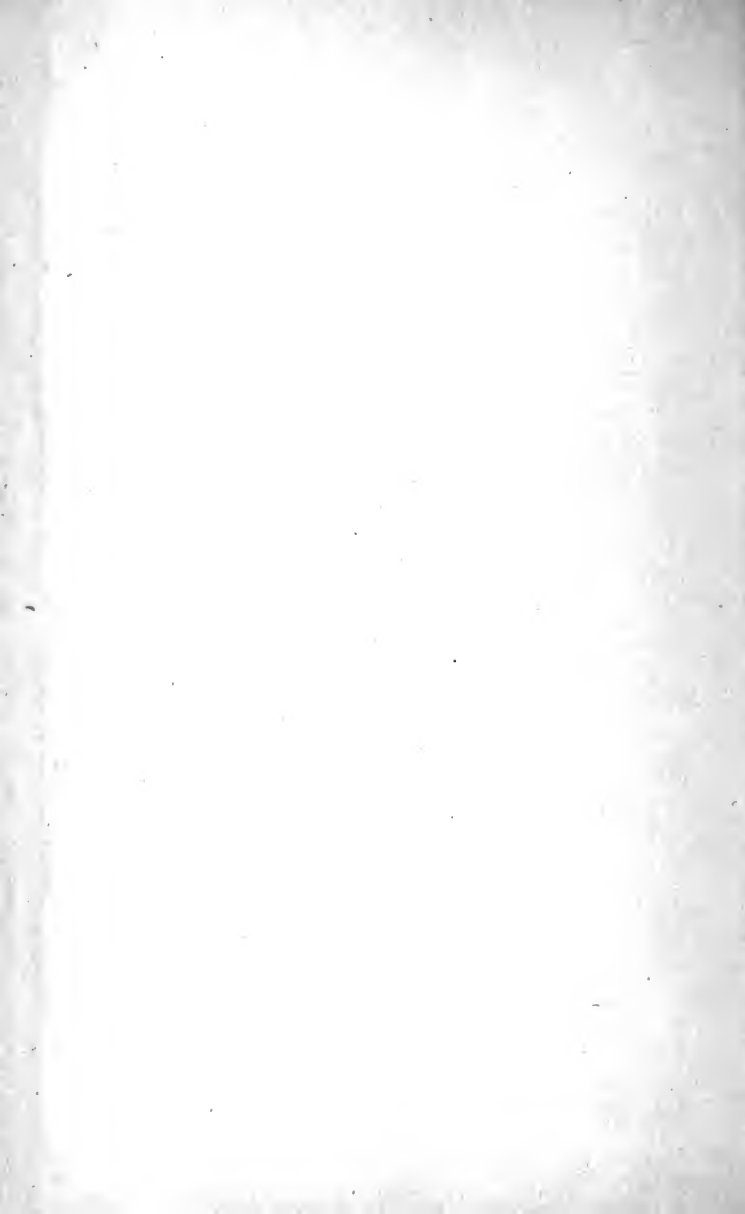


Give me the free,
The lofty tree,
The fields around, and distant view;
And lane that winds
Where one inclines,
Then joy is mine with friends so true.

I love the leaves,
The path that weaves
Its way beneath the stately trees.
Let waning day
Through branches play
And sunset fill the jeweled frieze.

Then do I see,
As seems to me,
The woodland hath a soul its own.
The branches high
With breezes sigh,
The leaves talk in an undertone.

I hear a song,
While I linger long,
And see the gleeful leaves at play,
As they dash and dance
And playfully prance
To the whirlwind's leafy roundelay.



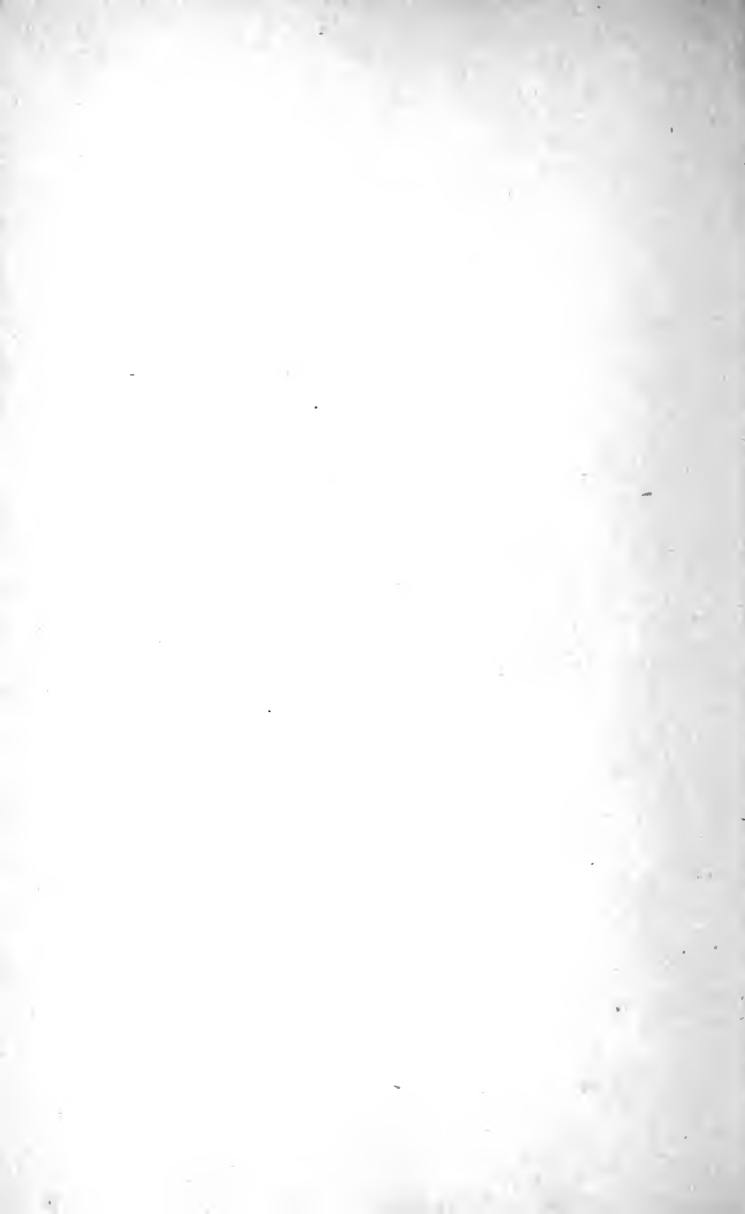


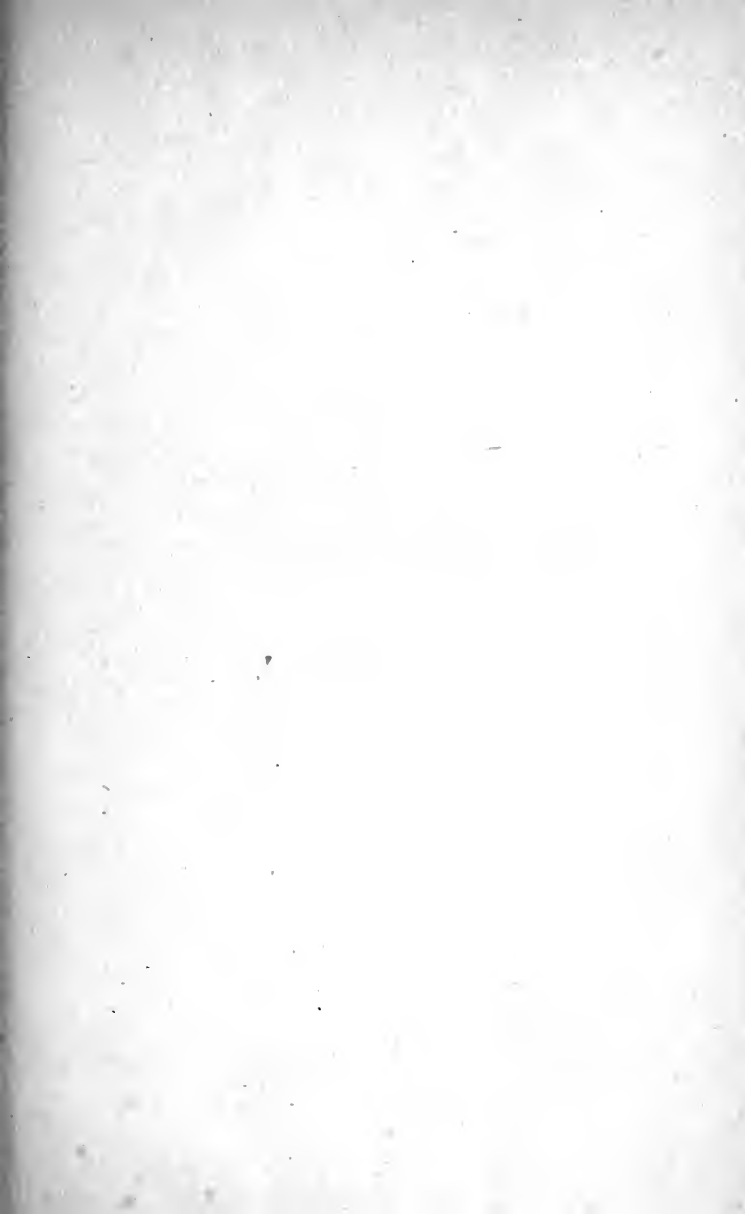
Conçinq

Oft as I lie a-dreaming,
There comes to me a song,
A song that's filled with music,
As angels hovering throng.

A song that's filled with sadness,
Yet sweet, so sweet, to me,
That calls on me to hasten
And join the happy free.

My heart cries out in anguish
And craves those days of yore.
When life was one long vision
Of beauty, love, and lore.





The Sea

The waves, they break and thunder
On the beach of hard, smooth sand,
While our thoughts grow large in wonder
And try to understand.

The vast expanse of sea,
So great with man compared,
Would seem eternity,
The *raison d'être* bared.

The Beach at Night

Break the waves upon the
Cold and clammy shore.
Clouds obscure the moonbeam.
Hope! hope no more.

Wash the waves so gently,
Murmur sad refrains.
Night birds dart on by me.
Loose, now the chains!

THE GREAT WALL

OF CHINA

BY

JOHN H. M. J. J.

JOHN H. M. J. J.

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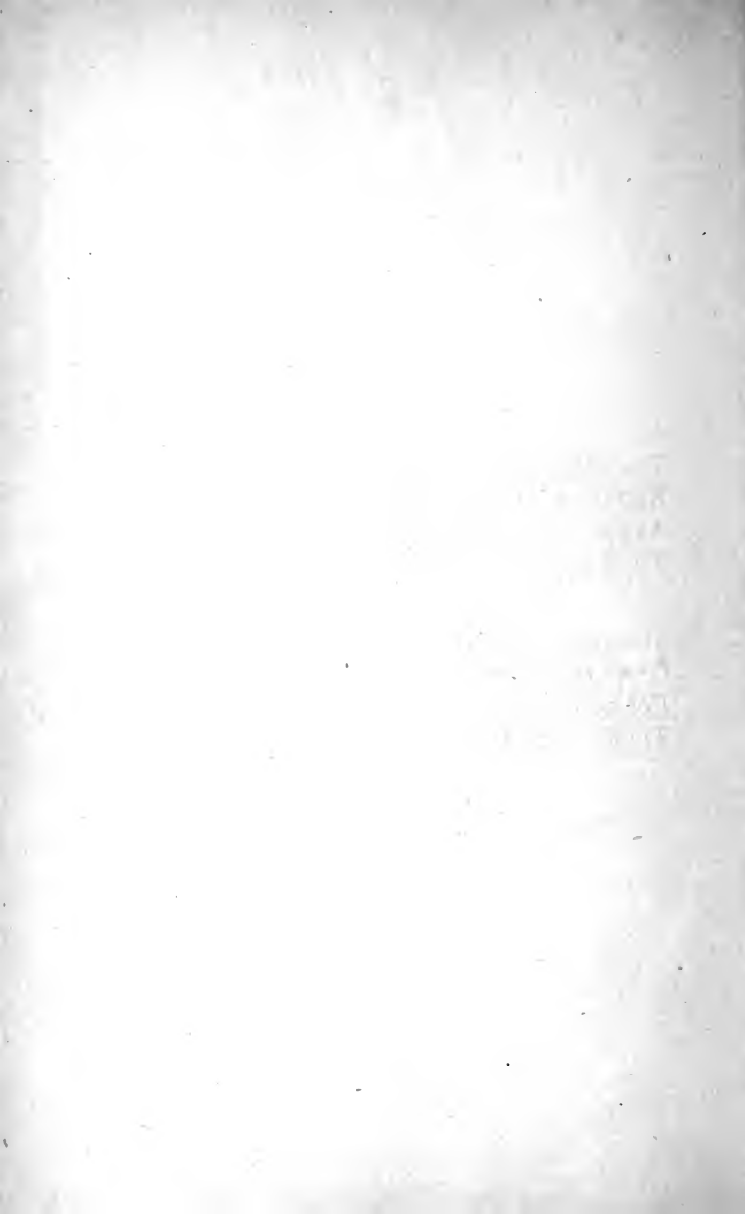
A Sunset

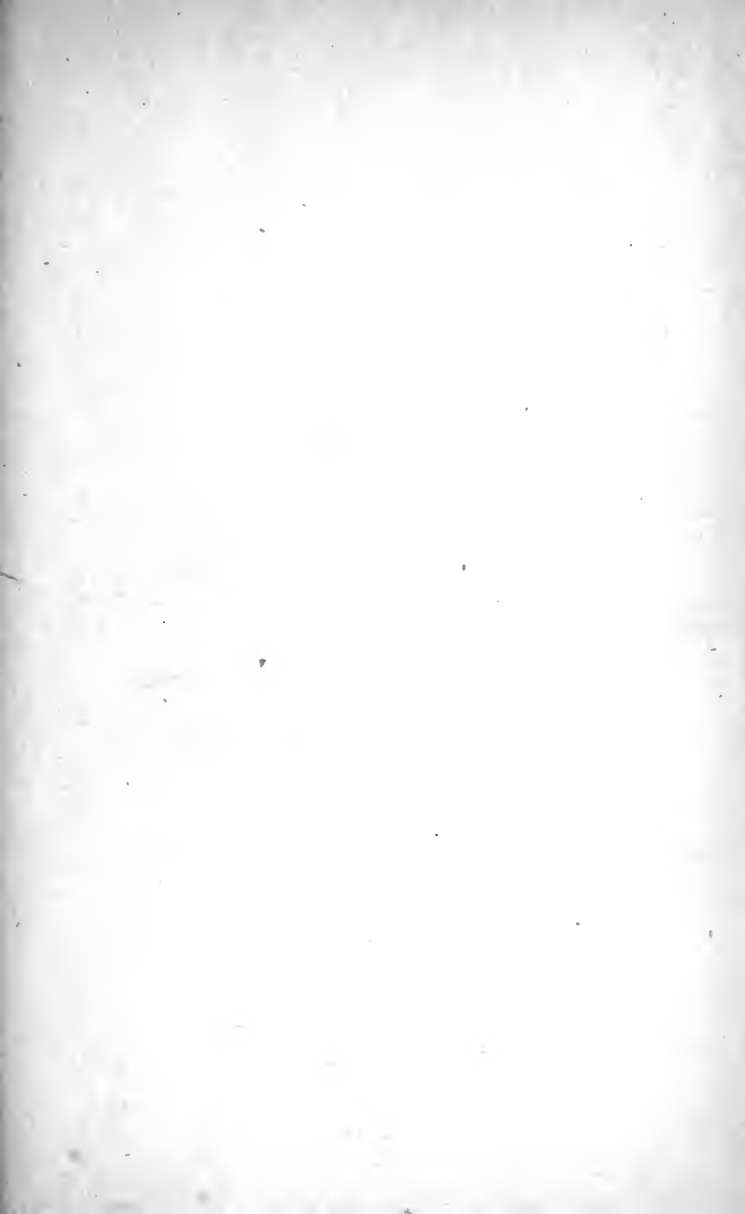
The train rides proudly onward through the fields,
While sun and shadow deck the closing day.
A charm, each changing aspect, nature yields
And calls to mind the music of the lay.

A peaceful brook lies deep in yonder vale,
And guards the trees it feeds, with tender care
From hand of man, whose needs at last there fail
To mar the restful peace he fain would share.

The silent hills, majestic, crown the scene,
And seem o'er the destiny of man preside,
As races, ever changeful, seek to glean
The egotistic heritage of pride.

The sun has flashed farewell to us again.
Or *au revoir*, in hope, instead we say.
For now we see the earth in beauty wane,
Till darkness follows on departed day.





Separation

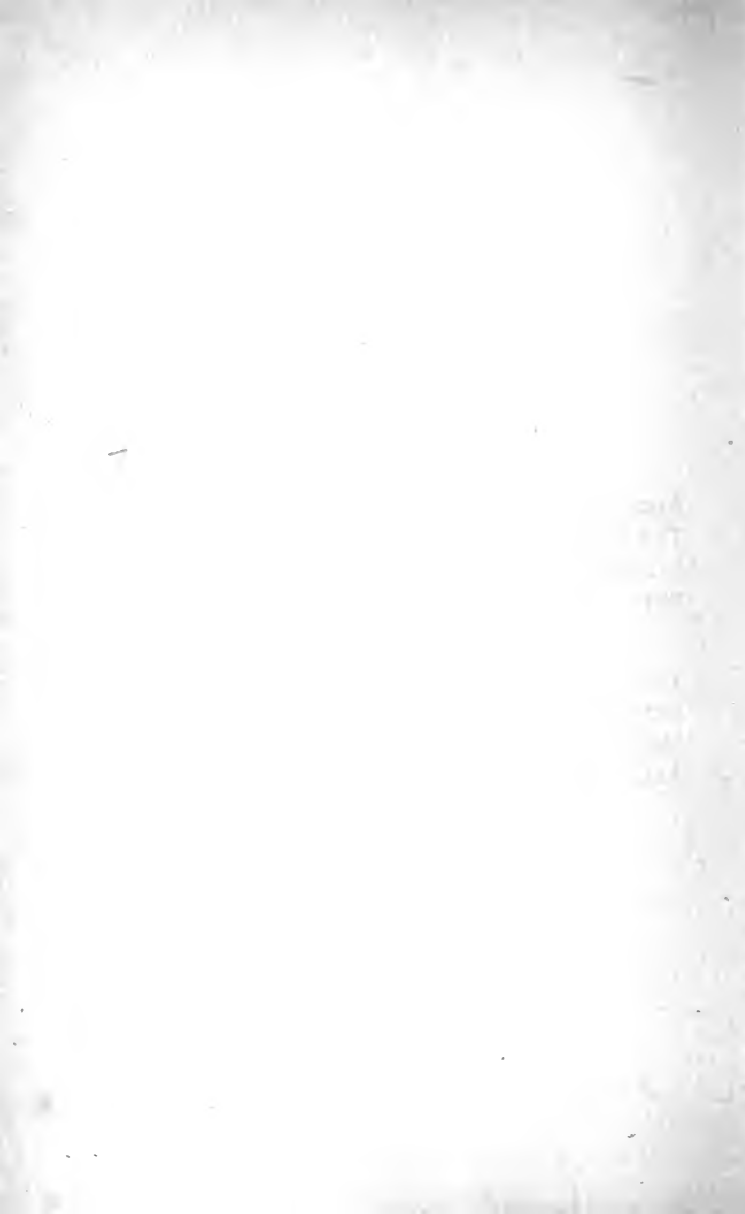
Away, away, she is away,
In some far distant land.
What can my heart's dull pain allay,
Or help me to understand?

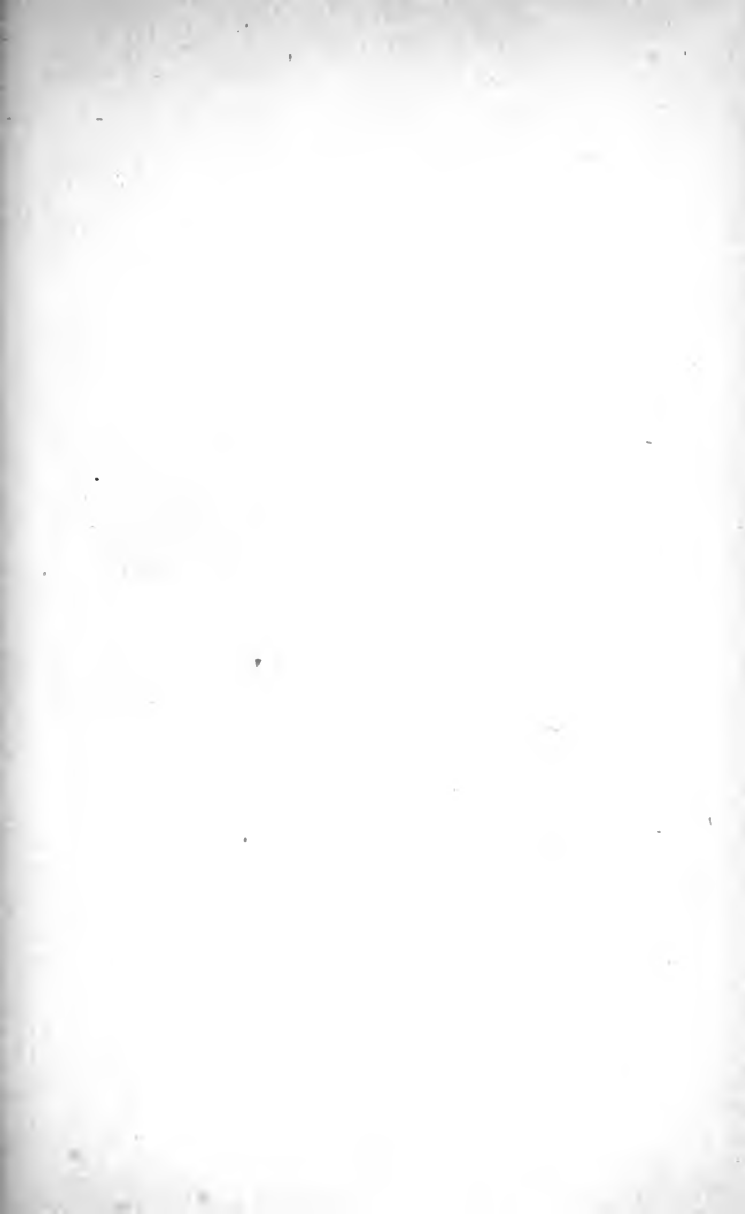
The earth seems shrouded in darkness,
And life so dead and drear.
The soul, once buoyant, is sparkless
And hope replaced by fear.

Ideals

And, now, the day is quickly done.
The sky once blue, o'erclouded,
Is molten gold from the setting sun
With wondrous visions crowded.

The heart in delight gives an upward bound.
Emotions thrill the senses.
Ideals, elusive, at last seem found,
And life, its full recompenses.





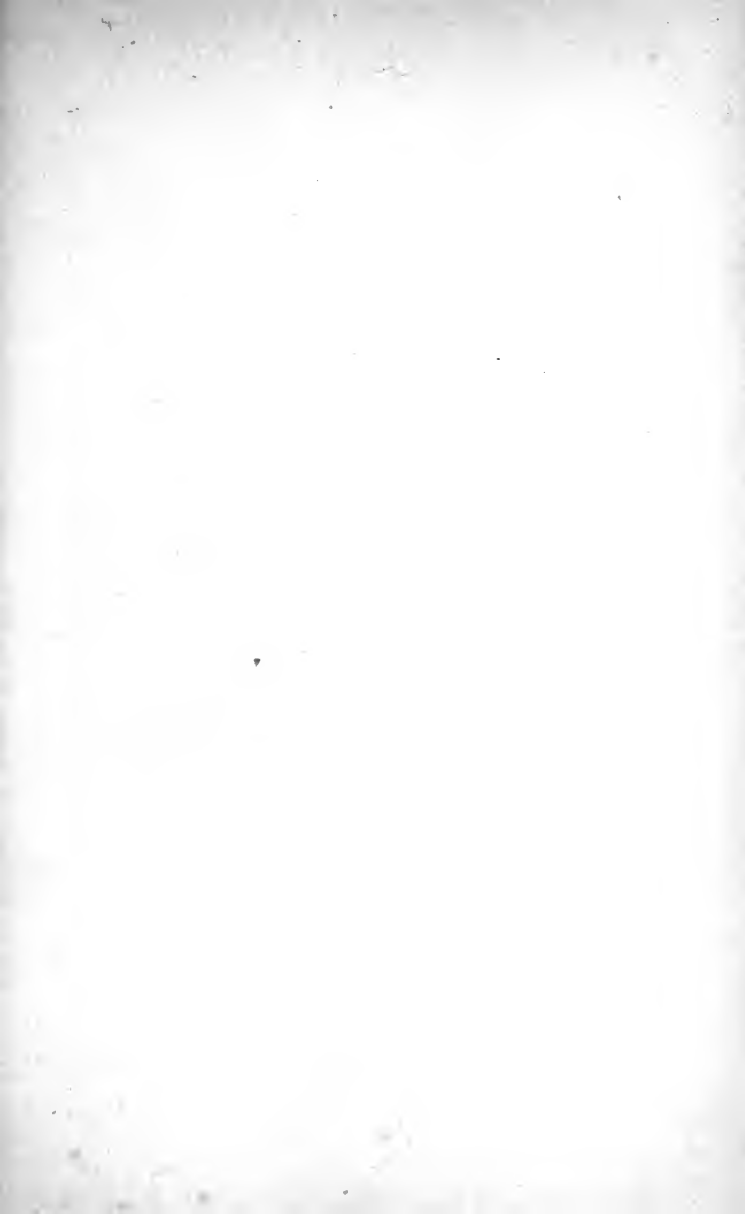
The Meaning of Love

We went to walk one autumn day,
The air was cool and brisk and fresh,
Through trees about our path did play
A glow, pervading, purple-ish.

The gathering dusk did all enfold,
—Rocky glen and stately tree,
Ourselves included, three all told,
Transported onward merrily.

The sunset beckoned on before,
Our path led to a knoll; above
We saw as it were on a distant shore,
In flaming fancies, the meaning of love.

The color so deep in the sunset hue,
A nearness, embracing, pervading all,
Made all, us all, ring true, so true,
In the deepening dusk of the sunset's thrall.



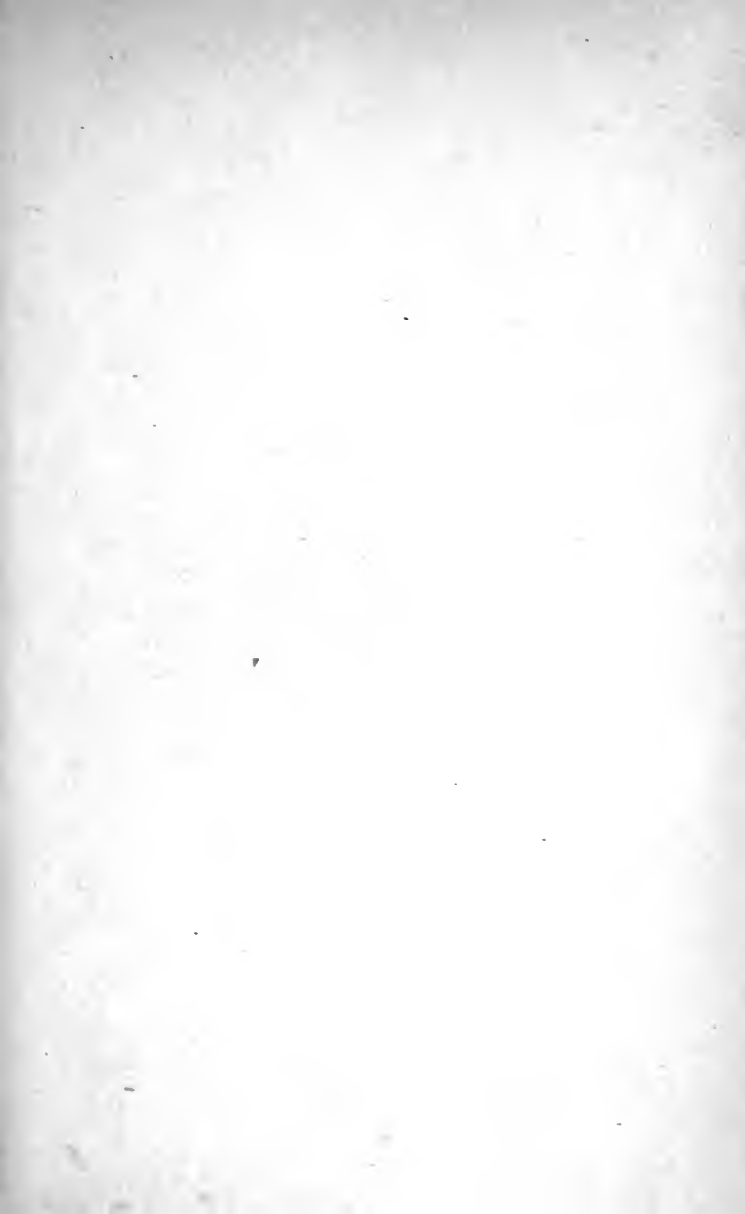
Outstretched before us lay the world,
The miniature so proudly made,
But every sail had now been furled,
And toil aside its tools had laid.

In this one moment, brief, divine,
While even time seemed hushed in awe,
Emblazoned large appeared the sign
SELF-SACRIFICE, ETERNAL LAW.

A Friend of My Youth

Oh! thou who art to me a guide,
Wilt thou alway with me abide,
Thy presence, be it ever near
Oh thou, of all the dearest, dear.

My soul's first light was seen through thee,
Since then thou always guidest me.
Although no more in person here,
Oh thou, of all the dearest, dear.



For, always, do I see thy face,
Thy smile I find in every place.
What need I e'er hereafter fear,
Oh thou, of all the dearest, dear?

An Old Lady

How kindly seems her wrinkled face,
Behind the lines there lurks a charm,
A nature sweet, not commonplace.
To all but *gentillesse* disarm.

Her life flows ever gently on,
Approaching swiftly to its goal,
All those held dear, departed, gone,
Each step but leading to the shoal.

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

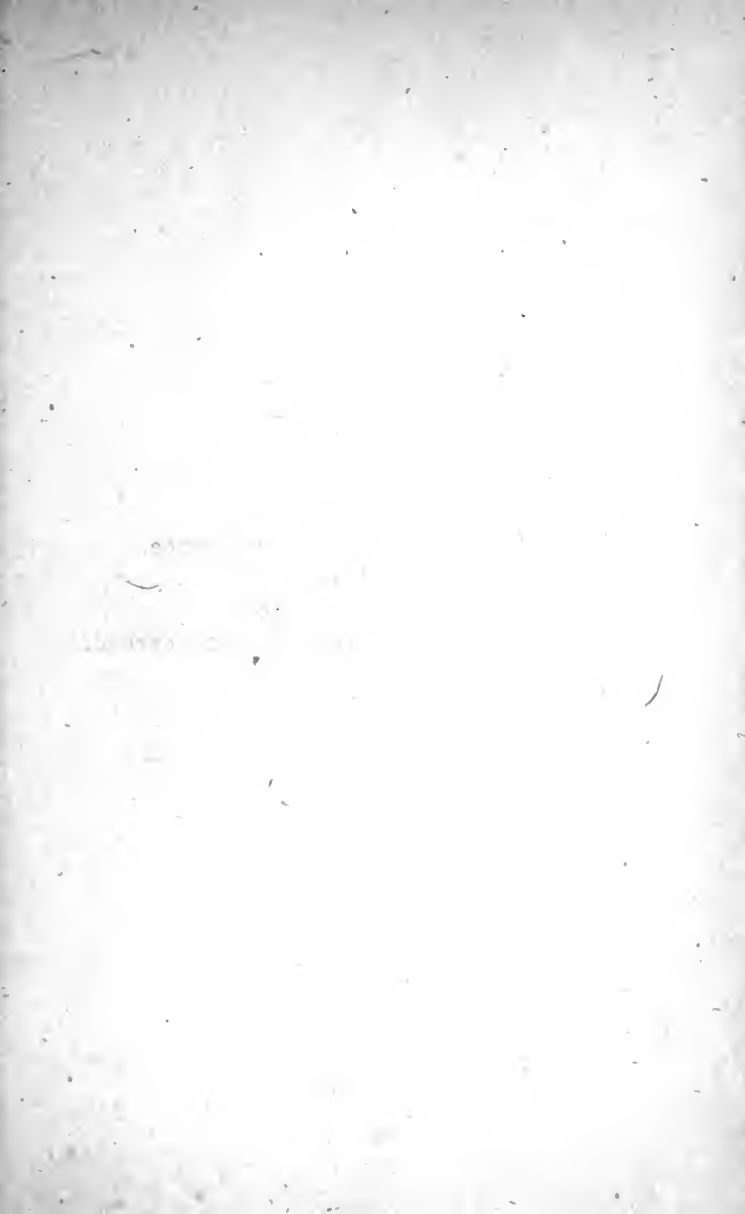
1885

1886

1887

1888

1889



So peaceful seems her mind serene,
It may be that the retrospect
Forever brings into the scene
Fond moments with sweet faces decked.

My Gentle Friend

Her heart is filled with celestial fire,
Her eyes are windows to a soul
That's brave and true,
And gentle too,
Attuned to wake the living lyre.

1841

1842

1843

1844

1845



A Life

I wander o'er the steppes of fancy,
While dreams of life now come and go,
Of future peace and happiness,
What will *mine* be of weal or woe?

I know 'twill be of both refined,
The woe must be a stepping-stone
To reach beyond the weal entwined
The fruit of what before we've sown.

No life could be but joy alone,
For then we'd know not joy from life,
But know we must the darker tone
To know triumphant peace from strife.



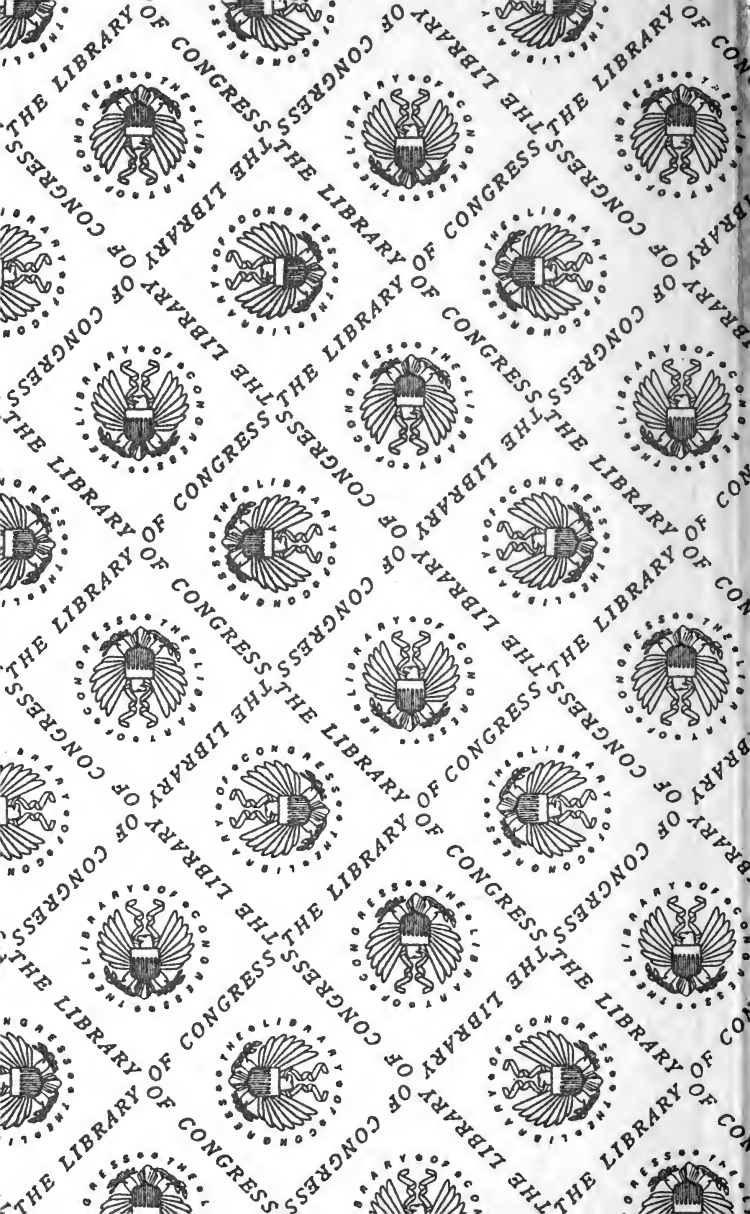


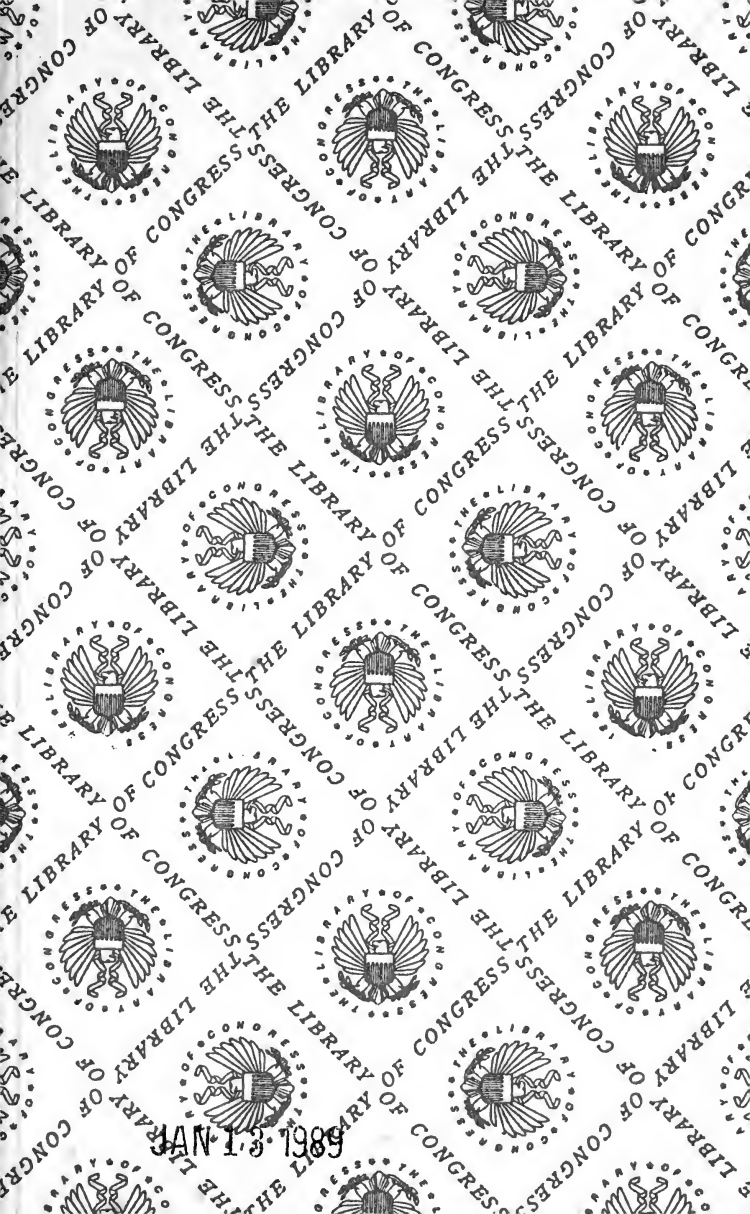
Man

The soul may strive
To lift its face
To starlit sky,
Oh! kindred place.

But Earth is his
Where he must dwell
To live his life
At best but well.

In portions life
May perfect be,
How true the best
Is yet to be.





JAN 13 1989

